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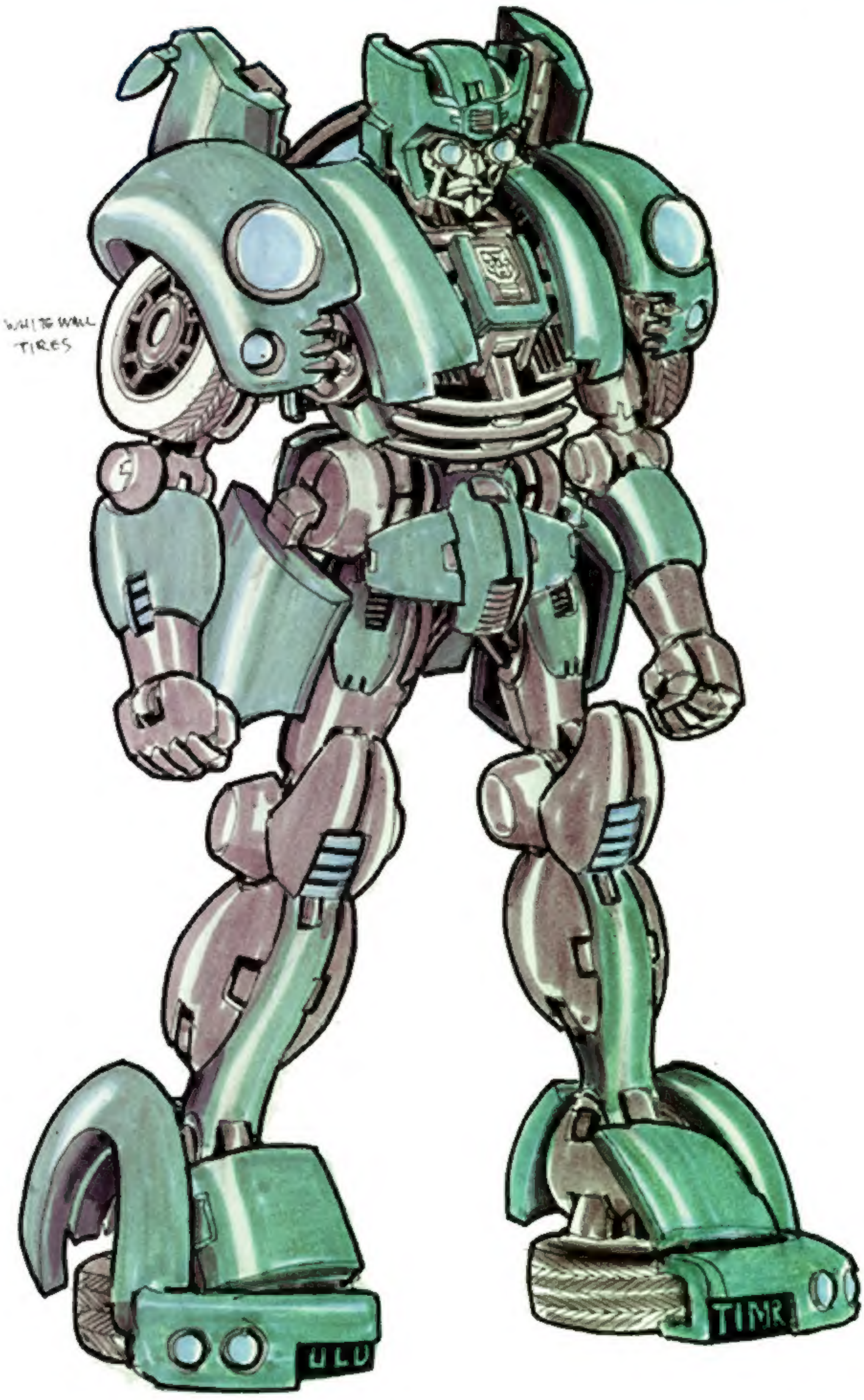

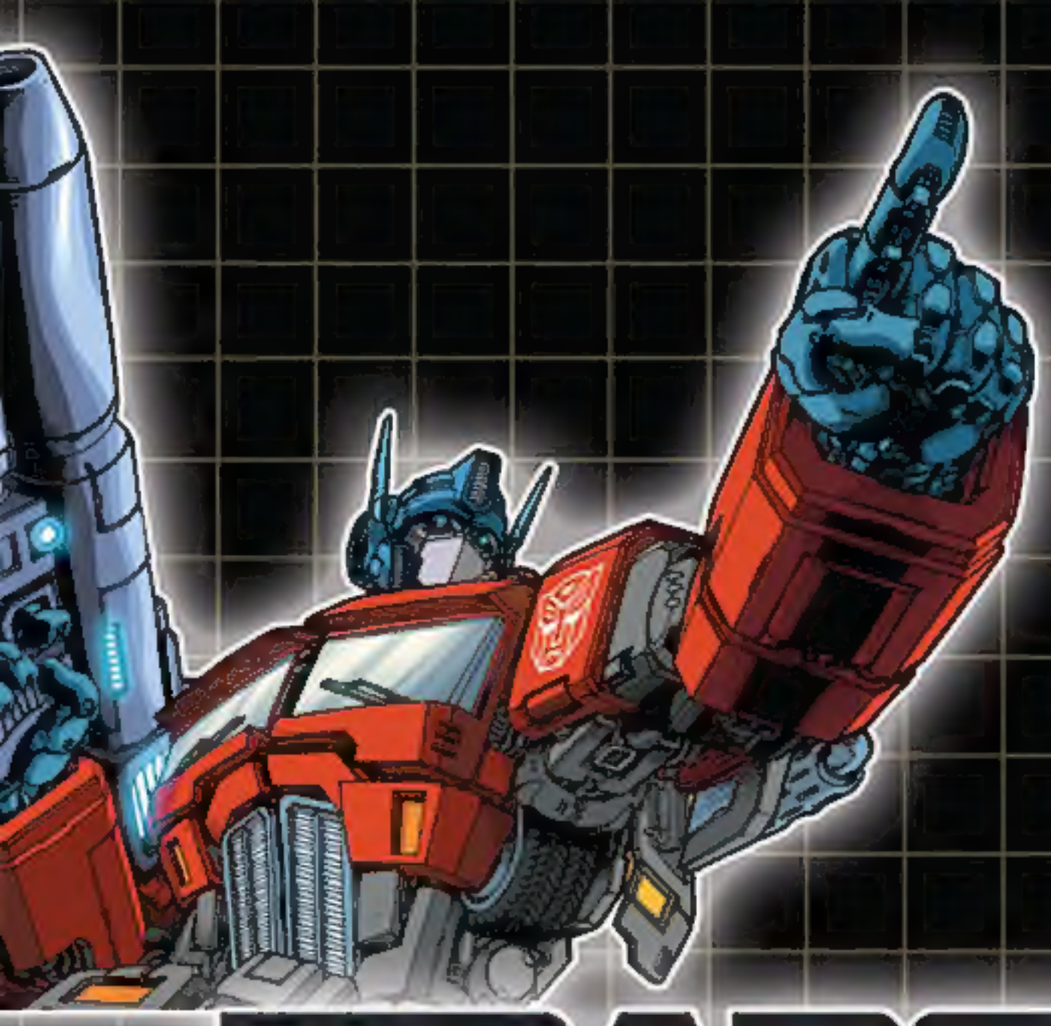

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THE TRANSFORMERS

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STORY SO FAR:

Betrayed by a Decepticon he foolishly trusted to help the Autobots leave Earth after the abdication of Optimus Prime, Rodimus stole one of the few spaceworthy ships on the planet and fled. The Autobots, watching him go, assumed he was leaving in cowardice and shame.

Meanwhile, the Decepticons find themselves in similarly dire straits: Megatron lies in stasis lock on a desolate asteroid base, Starscream has become transfixed on the stolen Autobot matrix, and Razorclaw begins running the outpost by Survival of the Fittest...

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MY ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

TALKING IS WHAT GOT ME INTO THIS MESS. I TRIED TO CONVINCE OTHERS WITH REASON, AND LOOK WHERE IT GOT ME. I GOT SWINDLED MYSELF.

BUT THE TIME FOR TALK IS DONE.

BOLD MOVES FROM HERE ON OUT.

IT'S WHAT I'M GOOD AT, ANYWAY.

HEART LIKE A WHEEL

LUCKILY, THE SHIP I'VE COMMANDEERED USED TO BELONG TO ULTRA MAGNUS.

WHICH MEANS IT HAS STATE-OF-THE-ART TRACKING EQUIPMENT.

AND HE ALSO HAS AN ARMORY OF WEAPONS IN A SAFE MADE OUT OF METER-THICK OSMIUM ALLOY THAT NOTHING SHORT OF *OMEGA SUPREME* COULD PENETRATE.

GOOD THING HE LEFT IT OPEN.

LUCKY AGAIN.

OR IT COULD JUST BE HE NEVER FIGURED ANYONE WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO BOOST HIS SHIP AND MAKE A SINGLE-HANDED HEADLONG ASSAULT ON A DECEPTICON BASE.

HE DIDN'T KNOW ME VERY WELL.

WE'VE GOT INCOMING!

WHAT IS IT, ACID STORM?

AUTOBOT CRAFT!

WE NEED TO CALL THIS IN.

TOO LATE, SHRAPNEL! IT'S COMING IN TOO FAST! WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

ARE THE DEFENSES ARMED?

WELL, THEN BLOW HIM OUT OF THE SKY.

OF COURSE!

IDIOT'S ON A SUICIDE MISSION, LET'S GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS.

I PULLED A MOVE LIKE THIS ONCE BEFORE.

AUTOPILOT

OF COURSE, THAT TIME WAS A LOT EASIER.

HOPE MY TIMING'S RIGHT ON THIS.

COLLISION IMMINENT

WHAT DID YOU DO, YOU MORON?

I—I BLEW IT UP...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

STARSCREAM, WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

BOMBSHELL. YOU'RE ALWAYS COMING TO ME AND SAYING THAT. I'M STARTING TO WONDER IF MY *BIGGEST* PROBLEM IS HAVING A LIEUTENANT THAT CAN'T HANDLE PROBLEMS.

AN AUTOBOT CRAFT HAS BEEN SHOT DOWN.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A *SOLUTION* TO A PROBLEM. I AM YET TO BE RIVETED BY THIS.

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY... MISCALCULATED. THE WRECKAGE FROM THE CRAFT CRASHED INTO OUR DEFENSE PERIMETER AND DISABLED IT.

MM. I'M SURE YOU CAN FIX IT.

DO NOT TOUCH THAT!

STARSCREAM...

...PERHAPS, I SHOULD...

YOU TRY MY PATIENCE, BOMBSHELL.

LEAVE US.

LOTSA 'BOTS WOULD SAY THAT SHOULDN'T HAVE WORKED.

UNTIL A FEW MOMENTS AGO, I'M NOT SURE I WOULD HAVE DISAGREED.

BUT, HEY...

...IMPOSSIBLE ODDS NEVER STOPPED ME BEFORE.

THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT WRECKAGE.

KEEP LOOKING! THAT WAS AN AUTOBOT CRAFT. WHO KNOWS WHAT KINDS OF USEFUL THINGS FELL OUT OF IT.

I'VE GOT A WEAPONS LOCKER HERE!

ANYTHING IN IT?

NO. DOOR IS MISSING. BUT THE GUNS HAD TO FALL OUT AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, RIGHT?

GAAH!

GET DOWN! THERE'S A SURVIVO—

AH!

DIE, AUTOBOT!

WHA?

HEH HEH. GENIUS.

THINK YOU'RE CLEVER? I DON'T *NEED* TO USE WEAPONS. HOW'S YOUR LITTLE VEST GOING TO PROTECT YOU FROM ME TEARING YOUR HEAD OFF WITH MY JAWS AND SWALLOWING IT WHOLE?

YEAH?

SWALLOW THIS!

UK! HACK UK

YOU... YOU SWALLOWED THAT? GET OFF OF ME!

MIND CONTROL, HUH? AWESOME.

RAZORCLAW. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SO, I JUST HAVE ONE QUESTION FOR YOU.

I LEFT VERY SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS *NOT* TO BE DISTURBED. THIS HAD BETTER BE AN EMERGENCY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU INSANE?!

THE FIGHT IS ACTUALLY SHORTER THAN I EXPECTED. RAZORCLAW WAS FIGHTING THE MIND CONTROL THE WHOLE TIME, AND IT MADE HIM SLOW. STILL, IT WAS WORTH A TRY.

I GUESS IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT...

DON'T MOVE.

AH. OF COURSE. AN ACTUAL *COUP* BY RAZORCLAW WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN SO CLUMSY.

DROP THE MATRIX.

DON'T BE AN IDIOT. I'M THE LEADER OF THE DECEPTICONS. I'VE FACED SO MANY ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS, I AM IMPENETRABLY ARMORED. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY HURT ME, EVEN WITH THAT.

OH, I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU. I'LL SHOOT THE MATRIX.

YOU WOULDN'T. THAT'S CRAZY.

YOU DON'T KNOW ME VERY WELL.

AIIIIIEEEE!

WELL... THERE'S SOMETH NG ELSE I DIDN'T KNOW WAS GOING TO WORK.

WOW.

WOW.

NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND TRANSPORTATION OFF THIS ROCK.

THERE WERE EXPLOSIONS OUTSIDE!

I'M NOT TOO WORRIED ABOUT IT, THOUGH. MY LUCK HAS BEEN HOLDING UP.

AS THE SAYING GOES, "FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD."

I CAN FEEL DESTINY LOCKING EVERYTHING INTO PLACE. ONCE I RETURN WITH THE MATRIX... THEN, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT.

I AM DESTINED TO DO THIS.

AND YOU CAN'T DENY DESTIN—

STAY BACK! STAY B—

IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, LORD MEGATRON?

YES, SOUNDWAVE.

JUST SWATTING A GNAT.

NOW THAT STARSCREAM HAS LOST HIS BAUBLE, I WANT YOU TO ASSEMBLE EVERYONE IN THE MAIN ROOM.

I WOULD LIKE TO ADDRESS MY FOLLOWERS.

WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

"NOW, THERE IS NOTHING TO STOP US."

CONTINUED.